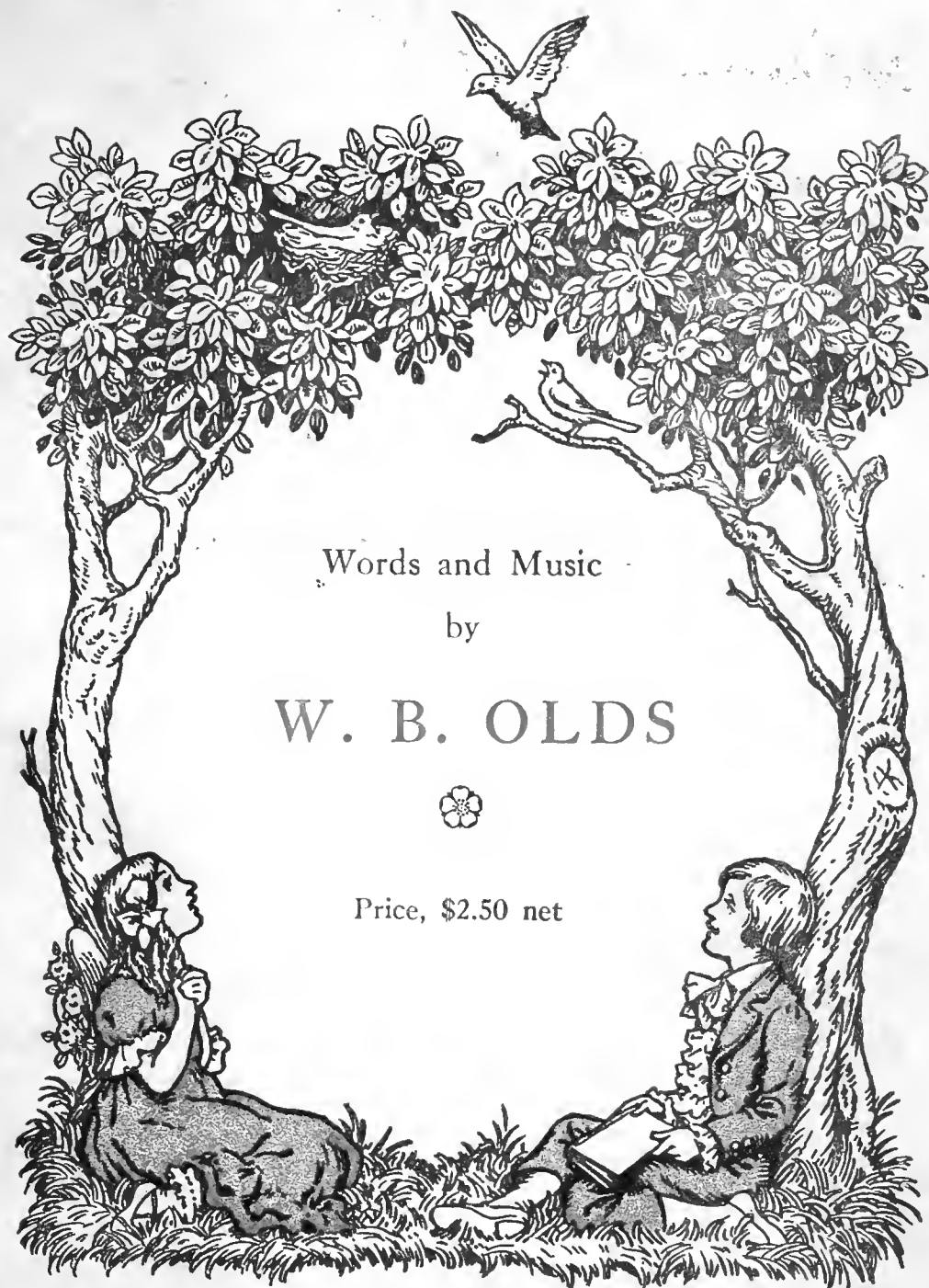


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A Second Book of Bird Songs for Children



Words and Music

by

W. B. OLDS



Price, \$2.50 net

G. SCHIRMER

NEW YORK

BOSTON

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RETURN TO STACKS

A
SECOND BOOK OF BIRD SONGS
FOR CHILDREN

WORDS AND MUSIC BY
W. B. OLDS



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The National Association of Audubon Societies

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PREFATORY NOTE

Keenly appreciative of the kind words which have greeted the publication of "Twenty-Five Bird Songs for Children," the author is encouraged to add to the list of birds therein treated, this second volume of twenty songs.

With the woods, fields and marshes overflowing with suggestive melodies and calls which challenge the musical ear and creative imagination, there is no reason why we should not have songs about every bird which has a characteristic song or call-note.

Miss Kitty Cheatham writes: "Some day we will have great inspirational music when composers go to the right sources for their inspiration." To what source should we go for inspiration as well as actual thematic material for the composition of Bird Songs for Children but the birds themselves, for where else in nature can we find music so like our own both in rhythm and melodic form?

That these little songs may lead many to an actual acquaintance with the birds whose songs and calls are here used, and thus to a greater interest in bird life in general, is the sincere hope of the author.

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A SECOND BOOK OF BIRD SONGS

BLUEBIRD

If the bird lovers of our country should hold a popularity contest to determine which is the best loved bird, I verily believe that the Bluebird would carry off the honors. Not that he is the most useful bird, nor the most common, nor the most rare, for he is none of these; but his ways are so lovable, his coloring of blue and rose so exquisite, and his sweet little voice, one of the first to be heard in the Spring, brings so much cheer and promise, that we can readily appreciate Riley's lines:

And when that Bluebird sang, my heart
Hopped out of bed with me.

There is not much tune to his song; in fact, the six or eight notes are often rather indeterminate, but the charm lies in the quality of his voice, so remarkably soft and mellow. The phrase of three notes represented by the word "cheery" in this song, and often translated "purity," is the one most frequently heard.

Bluebird

3
1900-1910
1-11-1911



Moderato (♩ = 76)

mp

1. "Frail lit-tle wan-der-er, where have you been?
2. "Frail lit-tle wan-der-er, what did you do

p

mp

Life has been drear-y since you were seen." "I've been a-trav-el-ing
When you were hun-gry, the long win-ter through?" "Down in the south-land

cresc.

rit. e dim.

all win-ter long, Now I am home a-gain burst-ing with song."
plen-ty I found, Ber-ries were ev-'ry-where, cov-'ring the ground."

cresc.

rit. e dim.

p quietly

Dear lit-tle bird with the wings of blue, Breast that is tinged with the sun - set hue, We

p quietly

*cresc.**f**dim.**p*

hear your song and we wel - come you, So cheer - y, so cheer - y!

*cresc.**f**dim.**p*
mp

3. "Frail lit-tle wan-der-er, how did you know Which was the home-ward way, how you should go?"

mp

cresc. *rit. e dim.*

"I can-not tell you how 'twas I knew This was the home-ward way—straight here I flew."

cresc. *rit. e dim.*

p quietly

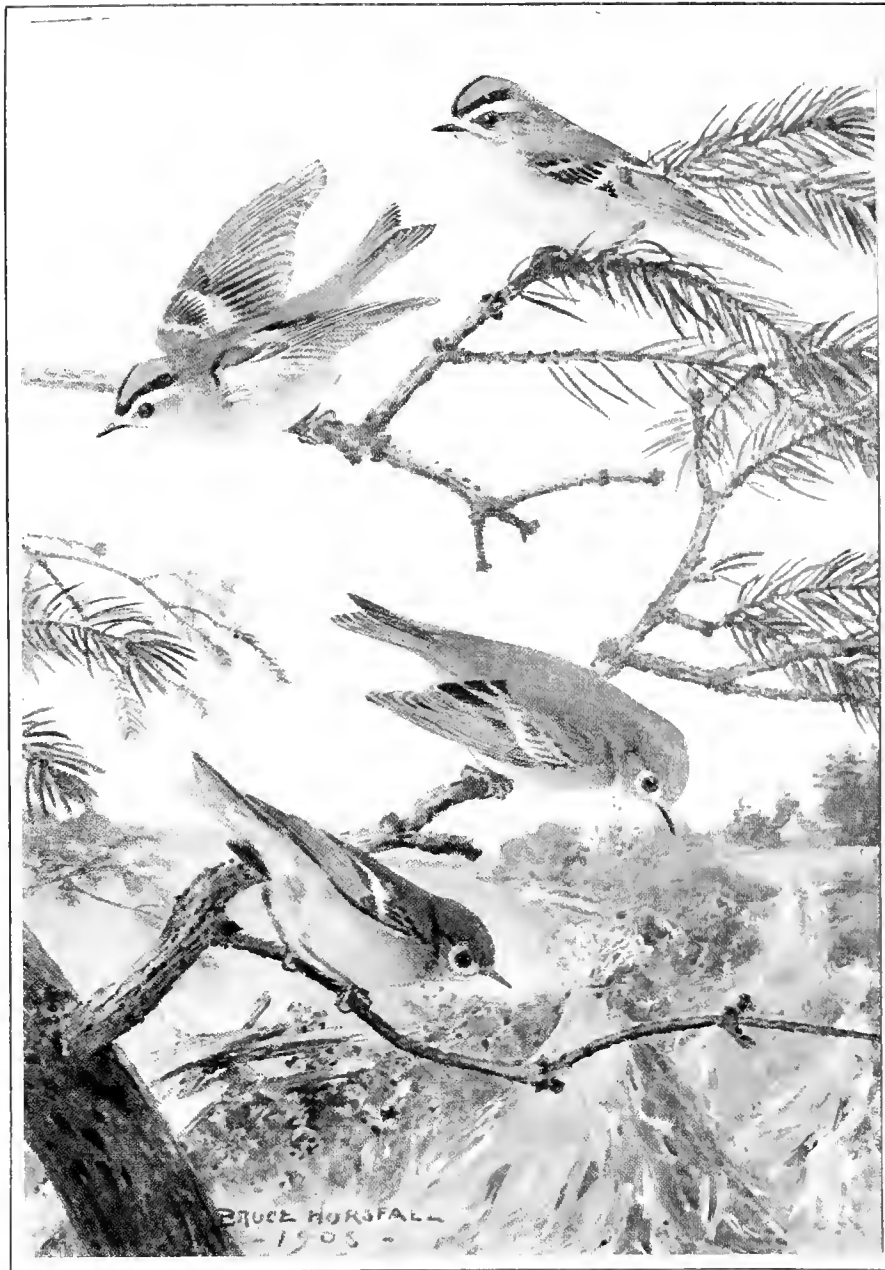
Dear lit-tle bird with the wings of blue, Breast that is tinged with the sun - set hue, We

p quietly

cresc. *f* *dim.* *p*

hear your song and we wel - come you, So_ cheer - y, so cheer - y!

cresc. *f* *dim.* *p*



RUBY-CROWNED KINGLET

The tiniest of them all with the exception of the Hummingbird, the Kinglet will, nevertheless, stand on his own feet when vocal ability is in question. A voice so ethereal in quality, bubbling and sparkling as a rippling brook, it does, indeed, seem scarcely of this world.

When first heard, the song seems very free in form, yet the repetitions show little variation in the melody. Several repeated notes on a very high pitch, then a drop of about a sixth where he pronounces the words "dear, dear, dear, dear," followed by two or more scale-passages in rapid tempo, combine to produce one of the most fascinating songs to be heard during the entire springtime. Then to see him flash his ruby crown fairly causes one to hold one's breath.

It will be noticed that the accompaniment of this song has been given more of the bird theme than has the voice-part. This is largely because the high tones of the piano are more imitative of this bird's voice than are any tones that can be produced by the average human throat.

Ruby-crowned Kinglet



Allegro moderato (♩ = 108)

mf

Would you hear a won-drous song Which to earth doth scarce be - long?

mf

Wend your way some A - pril morn To wood - land wild.

mp

"All the world is full of cheer, Why should I not gai - ly sing?

mp

Hap-piest time of all the year When we hear the call of spring."

8

mf

'Tis the song of the Ru - by - crown From the tree comes a - rip - pling down;

mf

Clear as crys-tal, sweet as laugh-ter Of a child.

The first system of the musical score is in D major (two sharps). The vocal line consists of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features a flowing eighth-note melody in the right hand and a bass line with eighth and quarter notes in the left hand. A fermata is placed over the final chord.

mp
"I must not be lin-g'ring here Where the balm - y breez - es blow,

The second system continues in D major. The vocal line begins with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment has a more active right hand with eighth-note patterns and a steady bass line. A fermata is placed over the final chord.

Nest-ing time is draw-ing near, To the north-land I must go."

The third system concludes the piece in D major. The vocal line ends with a fermata. The piano accompaniment features a final flourish in the right hand and a steady bass line. A fermata is placed over the final chord.

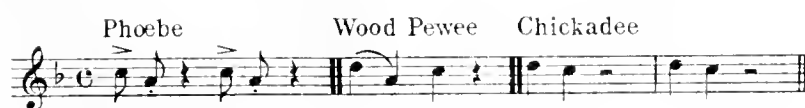


PHOEBE

As suggested in the text of this song, the Phoebe and Wood Pewee are often confused because of the similarity of their appearance. Their calls, however, are so unlike that when once heard there can be no question as to the identity of the bird. The Phoebe's voice is strident in quality, and his oft-repeated, querulous call becomes in time quite exasperating; on the other hand the plaintive, appealing voice of the Pewee is quite in keeping with the quiet restfulness of the deep wood where he is commonly heard.

Then, again, the high pitched, clear tones of the Chickadee, sounding quite a bit like the word "Phoebe," are often mistakenly ascribed to the Phoebe. Contrasting thus the songs or rather the calls of these three birds will, it is hoped, assist the young bird student in his identification of them.

Phoebe



Moderato (♩ = 72)

Quite fast (♩ = 92)

mp *mf*

There are two gray birds whom I

of - ten see, Who live in the depths of the for - est; To tell them a-part I must

f *mp rit.*

lis - ten close, For its ei - ther Phoe - be or Pe - - wee.

f *mp rit.*

mf a tempo

Pe - - wee is the one I love, His voice is soft and—

mf a tempo

accel. e cresc.

plain - tive, But the oth - er bird scolds and scolds and scolds At

accel. e cresc.

mf

Phoe - be! Phoe - be! Phoe - be! There's an - oth - er gray bird sings a

sfz *mf*

Phoe - be song, His voice is sweet and— mel - low, And the

f

song he sings is a song of love, And not like "Phoe - be!" or

mp rit. "Pe - - wee!" *mp a tempo* "Phoe - be!" *mp* Phoe - be!"

mf That's the song of the Chick - a - dee; *accel.* But the oth - er bird scolds and *e*

cresc. scolds and scolds At Phoe - be! Phoe - be! Phoe - be!

THE CHICKADEE'S CHRISTMAS CAROL

The Chickadee is a great favorite with all bird lovers. He is so sociable a fellow, his voice is so cheering, and there is such an abundance of energy in his restless little body. In the wintertime especially is his presence appreciated, when the majority of our birds have gone where food is more plentiful. The very fact, indeed, that food is scarce, tends to make the Chickadee more friendly, often inducing him to accept bits of bread or nut meats from the fingers of kindly folk. For this reason I have associated him with the Christmas season in this song.

Fortunately, the custom of keeping food in a place which is convenient for birds during the winter months has become widespread in recent years. Why should we not do this, for the returns are great, and not alone from an economic standpoint, for the fellowship which it is possible for us to have with these little creatures brings a pleasure that is unique.

The Chickadee's Christmas Carol



Allegro moderato (♩ = 100)

mf

1. There's a
2. When the

mp

sva

Chick - a - dee comes to my win - dow - sill From his co - sy nest in the
Chick - a - dee came on a Christ - mas Day From his co - sy nest in the

mf

hole of a tree, And he bus - i - ly picks with his ti - ny bill As he
hole of a tree, Tho' the weath - er was cold, yet his heart was gay, For

p

soft - ly calls to Phoe - be,
there was Mis-tress Phoe - be,

soft - ly calls to Phoe - be.
there was Mis-tress Phoe - be.

p

cresc.

Where, oh where is Phoe - be?
Dain - ty Mis - tress Phoe - be!

dim. e rit.

Phoe - be!
Phoe - be!

Phoe - be!
Phoe - be!

cresc.

dim. e rit.

a tempo

"Chick-a-chick-a - dee-dee - dee-dee-dee!" The cheer - y voice is sing - ing.
"Chick-a-chick-a - dee-dee - dee-dee-dee!" The cheer - y song comes ring - ing.

a tempo

"Man - y, man - y bless - ings be to thee!" The mes-sage he is bring - ing.
"Mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas be to thee!" The mes-sage they were bring - ing.

* The following four notes may be whistled.

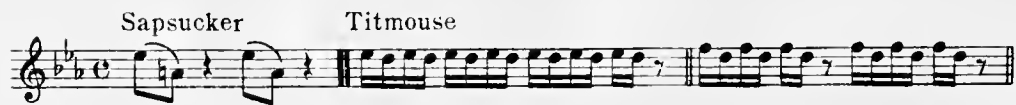


TUFTED TITMOUSE AND SAPSUCKER

There are three birds for which I have but little sympathy. The English Sparrow is an acknowledged offender on many counts, the Cowbird inspires contempt on account of his lazy, shiftless habits, and the Sapsucker seems to do more harm than good by girdling young trees in his greediness for sap. However, even these birds may be of some use; at any rate, the call of the Sapsucker, sounding so extremely like the mewling of a cat, helped me to make a story.

The Titmouse, a cousin of the Chickadee, is a very different sort of chap. Moreover, he is quite musical, for in addition to his call, which suggests that of the Chickadee, he has the two very distinct themes used in this song. The "Peter" theme is almost invariably given on the two tones here used—*f* and *d*. Indeed, I am inclined to think that many birds possess the gift, so rare with us humans, called positive pitch. I do not recall that I have ever recorded a melody which on subsequent hearings from the same bird has possessed a different tonality from the one previously heard, except that in successive seasons I have occasionally noted a variation of a half-tone.

Tufted Titmouse and Sapsucker



Allegro moderato (♩ = 96)



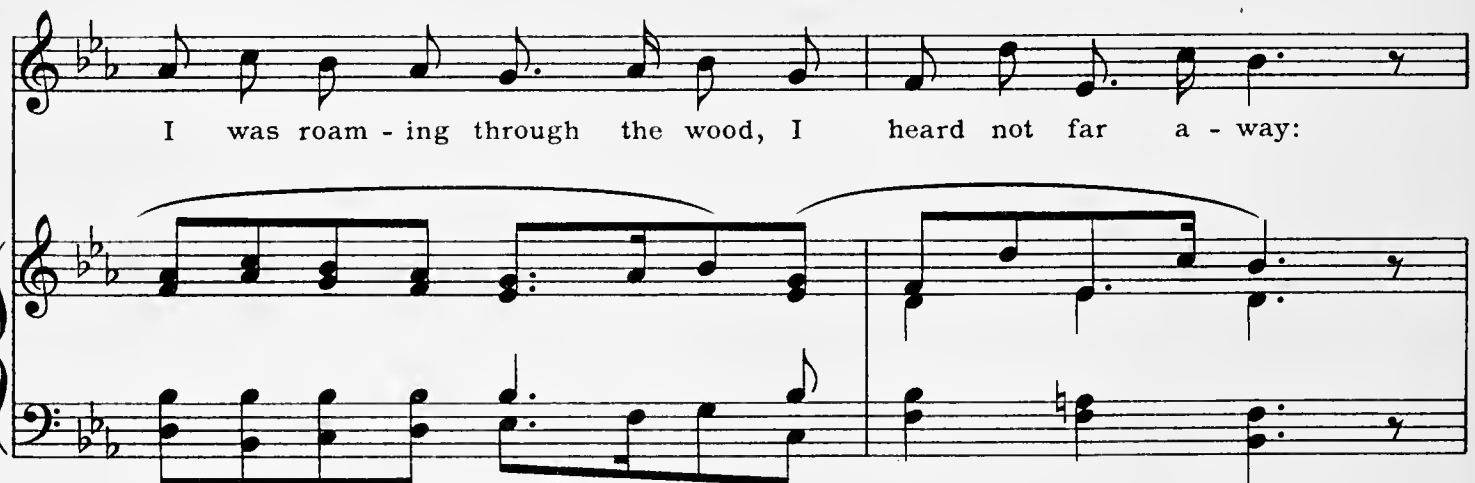
with freedom throughout

I've had a strange ad-ven-ture, It hap-pened yes-ter-day; As

a tempo

p rit.

I was roam-ing through the wood, I heard not far a-way:



p "Mieu! mieu!" *mf* "Kit-ty, kit-ty, kit-ty, kit-ty, kit-ty, kit-ty, kit-ty!"

p "Mieu! mieu!" *mf* "Kit-ty, kit-ty, kit-ty, kit-ty, kit-ty, kit-ty, kit-ty!" "A -

ha!" I cried, "poor pus-sy's lost, Her mis-tress must be call-ing her," But

rit. e dim. tho' I looked in ev-'ry place, I could not see a sign of her.

rit. e dim.

a tempo

I turned a - way be - wil - dered; Where could poor pus - sy be? When

a tempo

all at once I heard a - gain From out the tall - est tree:

p *mf*

"Mieu! mieu!" "Pe - ter, Pe - ter, Pe - ter! Pe - ter, Pe - ter, Pe - ter!"

p *mf*

p "Mieu! mieu!" *mf* "Pe - ter, Pe - ter, Pe - ter! Pe - ter, Pe - ter, Pe - ter!" "O -

ho!" I cried, "the se - cret's out, The Tuft - ed Tit - mouse oft I've heard, But

meno mosso where's the cat?" And do you know, There was no cat, 'twas just a bird!

meno mosso



INDIGO BUNTING

It is a common saying that birds of brilliant plumage do not sing so well as the more plainly dressed ones. It is true that the Thrushes and the singing Sparrows have no bright colors, and that the Parrot and Peacock have disagreeable voices, but a little reflection will call to mind many beautiful birds which are also noted for their musical ability.

Not the least conspicuous among these is the Indigo Bunting, which, with the Cardinal and Rose-breasted Grosbeak, who are also good singers, belongs to the Sparrow family. His beautiful coat will invariably bring an exclamation of delight from the entranced beholder, while his voice is both pleasing in quality and of good volume. A glance at the themes of my song will give evidence of his ability as a melodist, though they do not by any means constitute the extent of his repertoire. As a matter of fact, his song is often indeterminate as to interval and difficult to represent on the staff, though this will give a suggestion as to his style.

Indigo Bunting



Allegro moderato (♩ = 100)

mp tenderly

Bye - lo, ba - by bunt - ing,

mf *p rit.* *mp a tempo*

Close your sleep - y eye; Dad - dy's gone a - hunt - ing, We'll

mf with spirit

see him by and by. Soon he'll come a-wing-ing To his ba-by dear.

mf

p

Hark! I hear him sing - ing! There is naught to fear; _____

mf *mp*

From the top of yon - der tree He is watch - ing_ you and me.

p *rit.* *p a tempo*

Lis-ten! lis-ten! how sweet and clear. Bye-lo, ba-by bunt-ing,

rit.

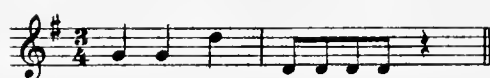
Close your sleep-y eye; Dad-dy's gone a-hunt-ing, We'll see him by and by.

DICKCISSEL

The Dickcissel is one of the commonest of our summer birds, but I have found that comparatively few people are acquainted with him. Perhaps the reason is that his voice fits in so naturally and unobtrusively with the droning of cicadas and other sounds of a summer day that one is scarcely aware of it.

His is not a beautiful song; merely the chanting of the words "dick-dick-dick-cissel-cissel" on or near the notes which I have used. In fact, his vocal efforts might be classed with those of the Chipping Sparrow as a nuisance which we are willing to endure for the sake of the great benefits derived from the ceaseless activity of the birds in ridding our trees and shrubs of insects and worms. At the same time there is a certain individuality expressed in the songs of these birds of the field which we should be sorry to lose. Long live Dickcissel!

Dickcissel



Allegro (♩ = 160)

mf with spirit

Hark to Dick - cis - sel, cis - sel! What a

mer - ry chap is he; Pip - ing his whis - tle, whis - tle From the

top of yon - der tree. Hot though the sun is and dust - y the

rit.

way, He cares not a far-thing, but car - ols his lay.

rit.

mf a tempo

Long live Dick - cis-sel, cis-sel, For a mer-ry chap is he. Pip - ing his

mf a tempo

whis - tle, whis - tle From the top of yon - der tree.

rit. e dim.



GOLDFINCH

The American Goldfinch, or Wild Canary as he is commonly called, is really a finer singer than my song would indicate. Fully to appreciate his powers one must hear his free, rapturous warble, strongly suggesting the style and voice of the caged canary, but too florid to permit of its being accurately placed upon the staff, or used as a theme for a song. I have merely used his well-known "sweet" and his flight song, the latter, in particular, being quite distinctive.

I have seen a number of these birds flying over the fields in the dead of winter, their winter plumage of brown and black causing them to be easily mistaken for their cousins, the Sparrows, were it not for the characteristic undulating flight, each dip punctuated by the cheerful "perchicoree." Dressed in his summer coat of yellow and black he is a joy to behold, while his careless, flowing song, so filled with the joy of living, is sufficient to dispel the worst case of blues.

Goldfinch



Allegro moderato (♩ = 92)



oth - er song he sings As a - cross the fields he wings; 'Tis "per -

chic - o - ree! per - chic - o - ree!" As he rides up-on the air. —

"Sweet! sweet!" From the tree he sings. But "per -

chic - o - ree! per - chic - o - ree!" As a - cross the fields he wings.



CHIPPING SPARROW

The Chipping Sparrow, also called Hairbird from his habit of lining his nest with long hair, is one of the most sociable of his family, seeming from preference to build his nest in the vines or low branches of a tree near a human habitation.

As a musician, however, we shall have to mark him very low in comparison with other Sparrows, his repertoire being limited to a short call-note, and the rapid repetition of a single tone as illustrated in the song. As has been frequently remarked, it sounds not unlike the whirring of a sewing machine, though why one writer should have discriminated in favor of the Singer Sewing Machine rather than any other variety, is beyond me.

As might be surmised, the song soon becomes very monotonous, and were it not for our love for the singer, we might not be so willing to listen to it day after day.

Chipping Sparrow



Allegro moderato (♩ = 108)

mf *crisply*

"Chip-py, chip-py, chip-py, chip-py, chip-py, chip-py, chip!"

'Tis the voice of the Chip-ping Spar-row, "Chip-py, chip-py, chip-py, chip-py, chip-py, chip-py, chip!"

From the cher - ry tree. He's the bird with the chest - nut crown,

Back and wings are streaked with brown, Tho' he can - not sing a tune, He's a

friend-ly chap, and I love to hear his chip-py, chip-py, chip-py, chip-py, chippy, chip-py, chip!

cresc.
Chip - py, chip - py, chip - py, chip - py, chip - py, chip - py, chip!

Chip-py, chip-py, chip-py, chip-py, chip-py, chip-py, chip-py, chip-py spar - row.

ENGLISH SPARROW

Last winter a friend asked me if I had written a song about the English Sparrow. I replied that I had not, but that if I ever did, I should try to write one that would not increase the bird's popularity; subsequently I wrote this song. In it I have certainly said nothing good about him which might add to his standing, for I know no good to say. He is agreed by all, including the Biological Survey, to be a pest, without a saving grace, unless we except the fact that when served on toast with several of his fellows, he makes a really toothsome morsel.

Some communities have undertaken crusades against him in the interest of our native songbirds, which he is constantly fighting, but until such a movement becomes universal, I fear it will be more or less futile.

His vocal expression is utterly lacking in musical value—a ceaseless chatter, monotonous in the extreme.

Having then, no musical theme for inspiration, beyond his “cheap” call, I have written for him this song, which is, I confess, as cheap as he.

English Sparrow



Allegro moderato ($\text{♩} = 104$)

with energy

mf

He's a

ban-dit, a bul-ly and a thief, And his ways are past be - lief, Tho' we'd

glad-ly be-friend him, Bold-ly de-fend him When he comes to grief, If per-

haps he'd learn to sing, Or would stop his quar-rel - ling; But he

can - not sing a song, And he quar-rels all day long, And we wish he'd re-mained in

Eng - land. "Cheep! cheep! cheep! cheep!" O yes, we know you are

cheep! On-ly when you're in the street Is your hap-pi-ness com-plete, And we

wish you'd re-mained in Eng - land!

We're a - fraid he has come to stay; He's in-creas-ing ev-'ry day; Tho' we

loud - ly de-ery him, Stew him or fry him, Still he holds his sway! We have

seen him steal our fruit And nip the ten-der shoot, The Bi - o -

log - i - cal Sur - vey Says he drives the birds a - way, And he must be ex - ter - mi -

nat - ed! "Cheep! cheep! cheep! cheep!" O yes, we know you are cheap! On - ly

when you're in the street Is your hap - pi - ness com - plete, And we wish you'd re - mained in

Eng - land!

CHESTNUT-SIDED WARBLER

This is one of the commonest of the Warblers, and also one of the most persistent singers. His song adheres to a more or less definite rhythm, though there is considerable variation in the form of the figure. Different songs, too, will suggest different syllables. The ones which I have used with the first theme, "wit-wit-wit-wit-wit-weechew!" seem to be imitative of the songs which I have heard. For the second theme I am indebted to Mr. Frank M. Chapman, who included it in his book, "The Warblers of North America."

It may be remarked in passing, that a given song, though more or less definite as to its musical form, may suggest entirely different words to different listeners. For instance, the wife of a clergyman recently told me that a Chewink which sang near her summer cottage said, "Preacher! tee he-he-he!" while another insists that the same bird says, "Pretty birdie-e-e-e-e!" It is well to remember, however, that two individuals of the same species may sing songs that are quite different, and that a given individual may have several songs, differing only slightly in form, but suggesting quite different words or syllables.

Chestnut-sided Warbler



Allegro vivo (♩ = 132)

mp

"Wit - wit-wit-wit-wit-wee-chew!" The song thro' the wood-land rings: "Wit -

mp

wit - wit - wit - wit - wee-chew!" It sets my heart to sing - ing. "Wit -

wit - wit - wit - wit - wee-chew!" A world of cheer it brings; 'Tis the

Chest-nut - sid - ed War - bler sings "Wit - wee - chew! wit - wit - wee - chew!"

f I wish that I might meet you, meet you.

f How glad-ly would I greet you, greet you,

mf And kind-ly would I treat you, treat you, Dar ling lit - tle bird; But

I have nev - er seen you, Tho' I love your "wit - wit - wee - chew!" "Wit -

wit - wit - wit - wit - wee-chew!" The song thro' the wood-land rings. "Wit -

This system contains the first two measures of the song. The vocal line is in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a descending eighth-note pattern in the left hand.

wit - wit - wit - wit - wee-chew!" It sets my heart to sing - ing. "Wit -

This system contains the next two measures. The vocal line continues with the same melody. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern, with a slight variation in the left hand in the second measure.

wit - wit - wit - wit - wee-chew!" A world of cheer it brings. 'Tis the

This system contains the next two measures. The vocal line continues with the same melody. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern, with a slight variation in the left hand in the second measure.

Chest - nut - sid - ed War - bler sings "Wit - wee-chew! wit - wit - wee-chew!"

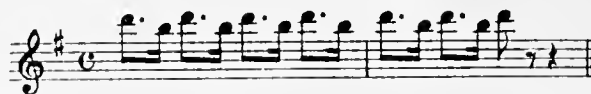
This system contains the final two measures of the song. The vocal line concludes with a final note. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord in the right hand and a final note in the left hand.

BLACK AND WHITE WARBLER

The Black and White Warbler, or Black and White Creeper, as he is sometimes called, might easily be confounded with the White-breasted Nuthatch, from his habit of running up and down and around the limbs of trees in his quest for food. His voice, however, is quite unlike that of the Nuthatch, being thin and wiry, very high pitched and, like the Nuthatch, quite lacking in beauty. Sometimes his song is given on a single pitch and sometimes on two alternating tones a second or a third apart. Some writers represent his song by the syllables "wee-wee-wee," etc. The birds which I have heard seem to sing "weche-weche-weche," and besides, these syllables seem a bit easier to sing.

As a class Warblers have not much musical ability. But, as Mr. Chapman suggests, while they are not great songsters they are great singers, and because of their small size and great activity, which render an adequate view of them difficult, the songs serve as the easiest means of identification.

Black and White Warbler



Allegro moderato (♩ = 100)

mf

We - che, we - che, we - che, we - che,

glissando

p

mf

we-che, we-che, weech! Up and down, round and round, Where the tast-y bugs a-bound:

We - che, we - che, we - che, we - che, we - che, we - che, weech!

cresc.

Where they grow, there will go I. We - che, we - che, we - che, we - che,

cresc.

f *dim.*

we - che, we - che, weech! Here the worms are plen - ti - ful.

f *dim.*

We - che, we - che, we - che, we - che, we - che, we - che, weech! Dain-ty fare ev - 'ry - where

nigh. *p* We - che, we - che, we - che, we - che, we - che, we - che, weech!

mf Up and down, round and round, Where the tast - y bugs a - bound. We - che, we - che, we - che, we - che, *mf*

we - che, we - che, weech! Where they grow, there will go I. *glissando*



RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD

The unique song and flaming epaulets of the Red-wing have touched the imagination of many a poet. While the syllabic representation of his song has been varied, more varied, indeed, than the musical form of it, yet it will be noted that they all end with the sound of long "e." Inasmuch as this is quite characteristic of his song, I have endeavored, so far as was possible, to observe this point in writing the words of this song.

The two notes played by the piano in the refrain represent the call or complaint of the male bird when the nest is threatened. As the bird slurs the two notes, a good effect is produced when a second person whistles them.

There is no doubt that the tendency on the part of many birds to imitate the sounds of nature to which they are accustomed, accounts for certain characteristics of their songs. With this in mind, we can more readily understand the liquid quality of the Red-wing's voice, living, as he does, in marshy places.

Red-winged Blackbird



Allegro moderato (♩ = 92)

mf

1. "Here with me bide a wee." To his
2. "Onk - o - lee! kong-quer-ree!" Still he

mp *mf*

mate sing-eth he. "Where the wind blow-eth
sings cheer-i - ly. O! I hope she'll a -

free, A - mong the reeds and rush-es I would be.
gree To nest a - mong the rush-es here with thee.

Più allegro (♩ = 132)

Pung - ka - re - ta - re! pung - ka - re - ta - re!"

Hark! the Red-winged Black-bird sing-ing cheer-i-ly. "Pung - ka-re - ta-re!"

pung - ka-re - ta-re!" Perched up-on the pus-sy-wil-low tree. *ten.*

rit.

p.



BROWN THRASHER

The Brown Thrasher—a singer indeed, who gladdens the hearts of all within the range of his voice. Perched upon the topmost branch of the tallest tree in the neighborhood, he pours forth his song with a spirit which seems to bear out the contention that birds sing for the pure joy of singing.

There is no set form which he follows, but rather a continuous discourse consisting of short phrases of from two to six notes each, with very short pauses between phrases. One of his peculiarities is his tendency to sing a phrase frequently twice in succession, a characteristic which distinguishes his song from that of other continuous singers such as the Catbird, Robin and Red-eyed Vireo.

The song which I offer herewith, while made up from beginning to end of Thrasher themes which are quite exact so far as the intervals are concerned, is not entirely a true presentation of the Thrasher style, because, for the sake of singability, I have made the various phrases follow each other closely, instead of allowing for the customary pauses. I believe that the gain in coherence will more than compensate for this lack.

Brown Thrasher

Themes - the entire melody

Allegro moderato (♩ = 104) *mf energetically*

Sum - mer's com - ing, sum - mer's com - ing!

Get to your work! be not a shirk! Sow your wheat, sow your wheat,

quick! quick! quick! Do not hur - ry! do not wor - ry! Just do it! just do it!

mp

Stay not! Nev- er be dis- cour- aged! Do your

rit. *mp a tempo*

best, ver - y best, Nev - er you mind a - bout the rest!

Go it, go it, go it, go it! ho! ho! ho! Lis-ten to me up in the tree,

mf

here, here, 'way up in the tip- py, tip- py top!

mf bb

If you hear a word of cheer, Heed it, heed it, heed it!

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp). The vocal line consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line in the left hand with eighth notes. The system concludes with a fermata over the final note.

Tuck it a - way, some oth - er day You'll need it, need it, need it!

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line includes triplet markings over groups of three notes. The piano accompaniment also features triplet markings in both the right and left hands. The system ends with a fermata.

Swing a - long, sing a song, tut! tut! tut!

The third system concludes the piece. The vocal line has a final triplet of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment includes a final triplet in the right hand and a triplet in the left hand. The system ends with a double bar line and a key signature change to F major (two flats) for the final cadence.

f
Cheer! cheer! Sun is up! sun is up!

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with eighth-note chords and a left hand with a simple bass line. A forte (*f*) dynamic marking is placed above the vocal line.

See it! see it! see it! see it! warm and bright! Cheer! cheer!

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with eighth-note chords, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment features a right hand with eighth-note chords and a left hand with a simple bass line. A forte (*f*) dynamic marking is placed above the vocal line.

give it greet-ing, for 'tis fleet-ing, Soon will come the mor-row!

ff *sfz*

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with eighth-note chords, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment features a right hand with eighth-note chords and a left hand with a simple bass line. A fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic marking is placed above the vocal line, and a sforzando (*sfz*) dynamic marking is placed below the piano accompaniment.

GREAT HORNED OWL

To be awakened from sleep in the woods by hearing for the first time the weird call of the Great Horned Owl is, to say the least, an interesting experience. Darkness always holds mystery for the childish imagination, but to hear issuing, from "the twofold dark of the night and the wood," the audible manifestation of the hitherto unknown, though always suspected terrors, is enough to upset any child with a healthy imagination.

There is no doubt that the cry of this bird strikes terror to the hearts of the small birds and other little creatures upon which he preys, but luckily his eyesight is poor by day and the songbirds have doubtless learned that there is security in remaining hidden within the protecting foliage of tree and shrub.

The cry is not always given in the form here used. Sometimes there is no variation from one pitch, and again the succession of notes may be quite different, perhaps with a falling of the voice at the close. This form will be found quite characteristic, however.

Great Horned Owl



Moderato (♩ = 76)

p "Hoo - hoo-hoo-hoo - hoo - hoo - hoo-hoo!" *mf* "Oh! Moth-er, what

p *mf*

Red. *

can it be?" "Hoo - hoo-hoo-hoo - hoo - hoo - hoo-hoo!"

p *mf*

Red. *

legato

"It fright - ens me." — "Hush, my ba - by,

Moth - er's here; 'Tis but an owl in the

branch - es near. She will not harm you,

have no fear! She must care for her ba - bies, too,

mf

mf

Just as Moth - er will care for you. Hush, my ba - by,

mp *p*

mp *p*

hush, my ba - by, hush."

pp *ppp*

RED-HEADED WOODPECKER

This song might be designated as the performance of the fife and drum corps of the forest. Since it is true that aside from his ability as a drummer, the Red-head is not much of a musician, it seemed legitimate to call upon some of his neighbors to help him in his song. It is rather worthy of remark, moreover, that the performance of each of the three birds is unique, the Partridge using his wings, the Bob-white his voice and the Woodpecker, who plays the title-rôle, using both voice and bill. A strange way for a hero to express his love, pounding his head against a tree; but so long as he gains his point, what matter?

The Woodpeckers are useful members of their tribe, and this particular one, with his red hood and black and white coat, is worthy of our most careful protection.

Red-headed Woodpecker



Allegro moderato (♩ = 108)

(Partridge)
begin slowly and accel.

rit. *mp*

f *p*

as at first

mp

f *p*

f

r - r - r

f with vim

r - r - r r - r - r - r!

Oh, the Par-tridge plays on the tim-pa-ni, And the

sfz *f*

Bob-white plays on the fife;

But to beat the drum on a hol-low tree Is the

Red-head's joy in life.

It sounds like a chal-lenge to his foe:

"Fight me if you dare!"

But real-ly it is a song, you know,

To his la-dy fair. Quirk! quirk! r - r - r! Quirk! quirk!

r - r - r! All hail the Red-head! He's the drum-mer of the for-est.

Long may he flour-ish! r - r - r r - r - r! All hail!



DOWNY WOODPECKER

It is not claimed that the theme which is used as the basis of this song is an accurate transcription of the Downy's musical expression. As a suggestion of it, however, it is fairly true, as true, perhaps, as is possible, for none of the Woodpeckers sings anything like a real melody, judged by our standards.

As a worker, however, he is worthy of emulation, for, summer or winter, we may find him industriously searching for worms, insects or larvæ, and his ringing call or staccato "pick! pick!" are a constant reminder that here is one wielder of the pick who will never go on strike.

A suet basket, fastened to a tree trunk, and kept constantly supplied with suet during the cold months, will prove of value in keeping the birds in the neighborhood of your trees, and perhaps preserve the lives of the birds themselves, especially after sleet and ice storms, for birds can endure extremely cold weather if supplied with sufficient heat-producing food.

Downy Woodpecker



Moderato (♩ = 88)

Moderato (♩ = 88)

mp

rit.

p a tempo

"Che - che - che - che - che - e - e - e!" High up in the

mp a tempo

3

3

3

tree - e - e - e, Down - y's gai - ly call - ing,

While his chips are fall - ing. "Che - che - che - che -

che - e - e - e!" Sweet it is to me - e - e - e To

hear him gai - ly call - ing High up in the tree.

f animato

Pick! pick! bus - y is he. Pick! pick! all day work - ing.

f animato

Pick! pick! you will a-gree, Nev - er was seen a Down - y

mp

shirk - ing. Now he's ex - ca - vat - ing for a nest,

mp

Al-ways he will be a wel - come guest. Pick! pick! pick! pick!

rit.

p a tempo

"Che - che - che - che - che - e - e - e!" High up in the tree - e - e - e

p a tempo

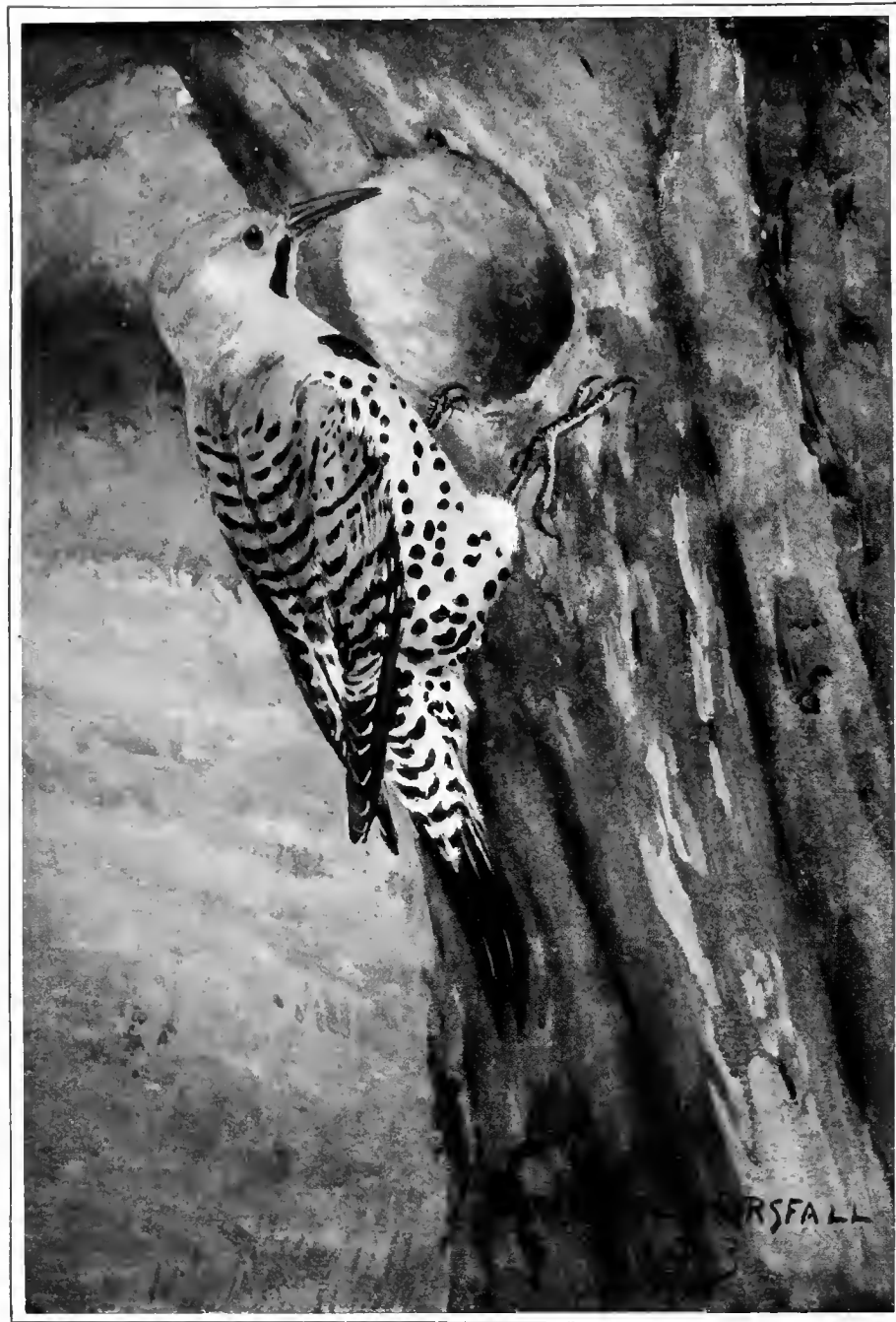
Down - y's gai - ly call - ing, While his chips are fall - - ing.

"Che - che - che - che - che - e - e - e!" Hap - py should we be - e - e - e

rit.

When the birds are call - ing High up in the tree.

rit.



FLICKER

The Flicker, or Golden-winged Woodpecker, is no better singer than his cousins, though he is more versatile than they in the expression of his emotions. Like the other Woodpeckers he is very fond of beating a tattoo upon some resounding surface—in the woods, a hollow limb or tree trunk will suffice, though he has learned, with the advent of civilization, that the roof or side of a building makes a still finer drum, and when he finds a tin roof his joy, as well as the vigor of his blows, seems to know no bounds.

His vocal expressions are varied and interesting, consisting, in addition to his single call-notes, of series of notes or intervals, repeated in rapid succession. The present song contains fairly accurate imitations of two of these series.

The Flicker is the largest of our common Woodpeckers, and, unlike the others, spends a good part of his time upon the ground in his search for food.

Flicker, or Golden-winged Woodpecker



Allegro (♩ = 120)

At

half past five one A - pril morn, As I was fast a - sleep, I

heard a most a - larm - ing sound That made my puls - es leap.

mp cresc. "Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat! Wake up! wake up! wake up! *mp cresc.* Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat!

mp cresc. Quick! quick! quick! quick! quick!" *f* I sprang from out my bed, for I was

f sure the house was burn-ing down. *mp cresc.* "Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat - tat-tat-tat-tat-tat!

f Wake up! wake up! wake up! wake up! wake up! wake up! wake up!" And

mf

then I found that Gold - en - wing Had caused that fright - ful din; Perched

mf

mp cresc.

high up - on the roof he ham - mered On a piece of tin. "Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat!"

mp cresc.

mp cresc.

Wake up! wake up! wake up! Rat - tat - tat - tat - tat - tat - tat!

mp cresc.

f

Quick! quick! quick! quick! quick!" So pound a - way, old Gold - en - wing, You'll

f

f *mp. cresc.*

nev - er fright-en me a-gain. "Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat - tat-tat-tat-tat-tat!"

f *mp. cresc.*

Wake up! wake up! wake up! wake up! wake up! wake up! wake up!" And

mf

since that day he raps in vain, For sound a - sleep I now re-main; So

mf

pound a-way, old Gold-en-wing! "Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat - tat!"

brillante

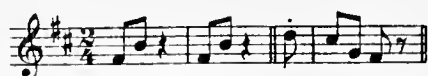
RED-BELLIED WOODPECKER

This Woodpecker is not so common as the other three which I have treated in this series. His calls are so interesting and suggestive, however, that I feel that I am justified in presenting him both to those who know him and to others who might otherwise never make his acquaintance.

The first theme, which suggested at the first hearing the words "Who will? who will?" I secured when on a tramp early one February. It seemed to be a call to his mate, for she soon came flying to the tree stub upon which he was working. The second theme, by far the more common, and sounding like "chat-chat-choo-choo!" is given at intervals, as he searches about the limbs and trunks of trees for his prey. The intervals are quite exact, and the call is delivered with energy and precision.

As will be observed, I have endeavored in the song to use words that are imitative of these syllables.

Red-bellied Woodpecker



Allegro moderato (♩ = 100)

He *mf*
"Who will?"

who will? Who will share this house with me? Who will?

who will? Who'll dwell with me? Just right for two!

Just right for two! Deep with - in a hick-'ry tree, Quite

rit. *a tempo*
safe-ly hid from view. Ah! who will? who will? Who will share this

house with me? Who will? who will? Who'll dwell with me?"

She

"I will! I will! I will share this house with thee.

I will! I will! I'll dwell with thee. Just

right for two! Just right for two! I

"Twas

think 'twill do. I think 'twill do. Ah!

made for you. 'Twas made for you. Ah!

rit.

a tempo

I will! I will! I will share this house with thee.

a tempo

You will? You will? You will share this house with me?

a tempo

rit.

I will! I will dwell with thee!"

rit.

You will? You will dwell with me?"

rit.

BRONZED GRACKLE

We cannot claim that this bird is a good singer. The result of his effort to make a joyful noise has rather the sound of a rusty pump than a singing bird. When a flock of them settles in a tree for a brief spell during their fall migration, the Babel of voices reminds one of a quilting party. No one knows the meaning or the purpose of the chatter—whether the subject under discussion is the route which lies before them, or where the best forage may be found, or whether they are just happy that they are alive and on the way.

It is because they are so frequently heard chattering together that I have written this song in two parts. "Chet-a-lunk-ee!" is, of course, but a suggestion of the sound. It should be sung with a squeaky tone, especially the final syllable.

Bronzed Grackle



Allegro moderato (♩ = 100)

O, the Blackbird sings a
O, the farm-er does not

O, the
O, the

mf

fun - ny lit - tle song, But a jol - ly soul is he; His
love him ver - y well, For he some - times steals his grain; But

Black - bird . sings a fun - ny song, But what 'a jol - ly soul is he!
farm - er does not love him, For he ver - y of - ten steals his grain.

voice is squeak - y, Pipes are leak - y: This is what he sings to me.
 you'll re - mem - ber, Next Sep - tem - ber, To lis - ten for his quaint re - frain.

Voice is squeak - y, Pipes are leak - y: This is what he sings to me.
 You'll re - mem - ber, Next Sep - tem - ber, To lis - - ten for his quaint re-frain.

"Chet - a - lunk - e! Chet - a - lunk - e! Chet - a -

"Chet - a - lunk - e! Chet - a - lunk - e!

Red. * *Red.* *

lunk - e!" is the fun - ny lit - tle song He sings wher - e'er he may be. *D. C.*

Chet - a - lunk - e!" is the lit - tle song He sings wher - e'er he may be. *D. C.*

D. C.

